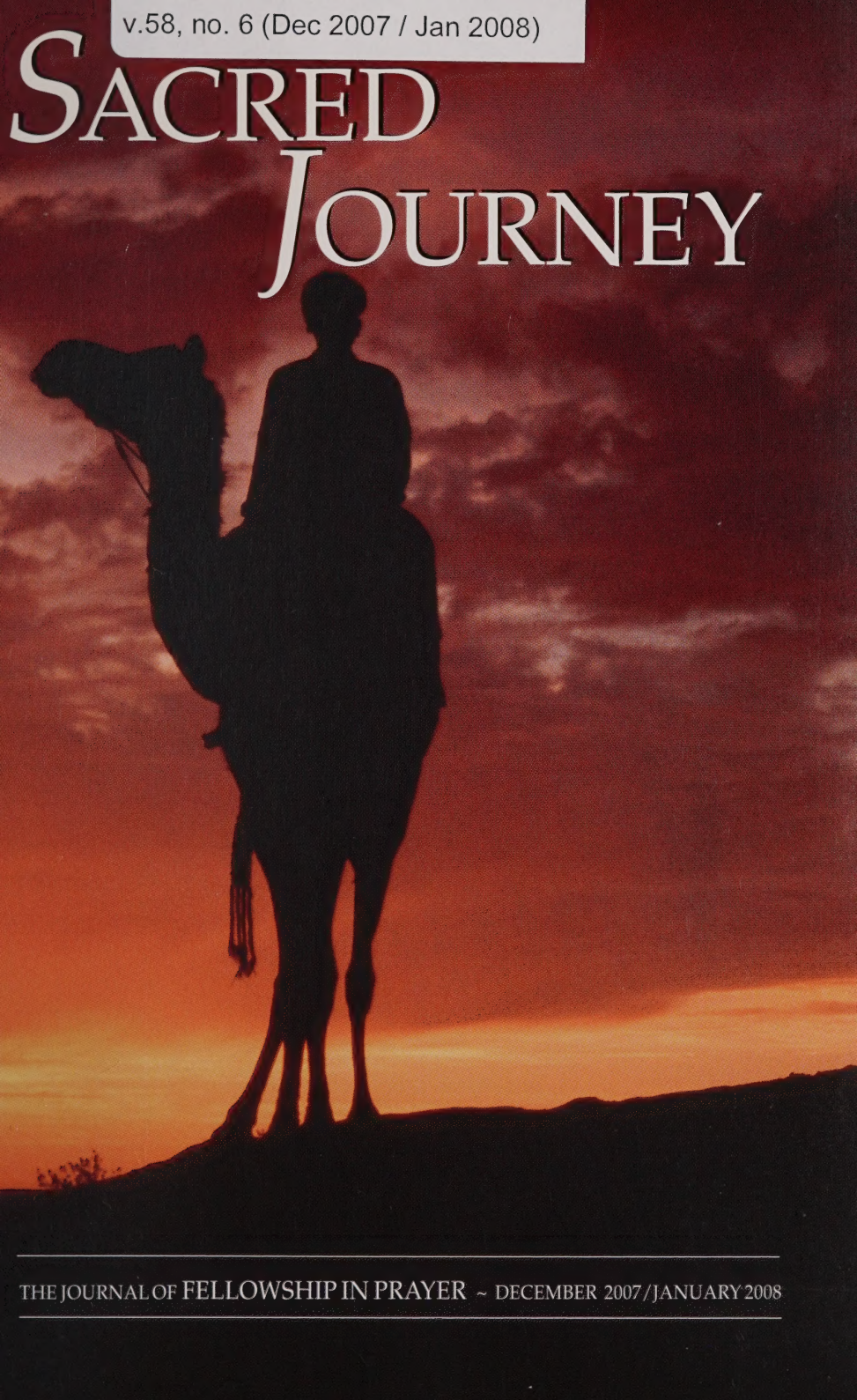
v.58, no. 6 (Dec 2007 / Jan 2008)

SACRED JOURNEY



THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER ~ DECEMBER 2007/JANUARY 2008

Archive Copy

SACRED JOURNEY®

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

The mission of Fellowship in Prayer is
to encourage and support
a spiritual orientation to life,
to promote the practice of
prayer,
meditation,
and service to others,
and to help bring about
a deeper spirit of unity
among humankind.

TAPE CLOSED AT TOP

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 50 PRINCETON NJ

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.

Publishers of ***SACRED JOURNEY®***
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, NJ 08542-9946

TAPE CLOSED AT TOP FOR MAILING

Subscribe today!

Send me *SACRED JOURNEY:*

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

❑ 1 year $18

❑ 2 years $32 (save over 10%)

❑ New ❑ Renewal

❑ Payment Enclosed

❑ Charge my Visa/MC/MX

$_____

Card No. Exp. Date

Signature

Name

Address

City/State/Zip+4

Daytime Phone Email

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of first issue. Canadian or international, one year subscription: $26 USD (Visa/MC)
Order by phone 609-924-6863.

SC-07

CONTENTS

Vol. 58, No. 6, December 2007/January 2008

A Message From Fellowship in Prayer
Pilgrimage
Lorraine Sciarra 2

Companions on the Journey
An Interview with
Imam Chebli 6

Illuminations 18

Finding God at Starbucks
Westina Matthews 20

Poetry 24

The Road to Return
Guy Lieberman 28

A Reflection
I Have Walked These Grounds
Nancy Resnick Hendrickson 34

Christmas Spirit
Amy Webb 36

Prayers 40

Spiritual Practice
Walking the Labyrinth 42

Books for the Journey 45

Endpiece 48

Cover © Tony Craddock/Corbis

Pilgrimage

Lorraine Sciarra

Pilgrimage is a rite shared by virtually every religion across the globe. Like prayer, a pilgrimage is an act of devotion connecting us to the divine. But a pilgrimage has a uniquely physical aspect to it setting it apart from other religious experiences. Not only does a traditional pilgrimage involve travel to some holy spot, but a pilgrimage also involves the tracing of a religion's historic path.

Ten years ago, I was somehow able to pry myself away from a fairly traditional American life to follow two Tibetan Lamas, my formal teachers, on a pilgrimage to India. I arrived in Delhi overwhelmed by the chaos that is India and headed north to Sarvasti, one of the most sacred Buddhist spots. It was at Deer Park in Sarvasti where the Buddha gave his first teaching after reaching enlightenment, and where twenty-nine students of the Lamas converged from around the world to begin a traditional Buddhist pilgrimage to seven holy sites

Lorraine A. Sciarra is Senior University Counsel at Princeton University. In addition to over twenty-five years of experience in not-for-profit and tax law, Ms. Sciarra has sat on numerous not-for-profit boards, including her long service as a Board member of Fellowship in Prayer.

marking the life stations of the Buddha. The only difference between our path and that of adepts one-thousand years before was that we were not traveling on foot but rather by bus.

Travel by bus presented its own challenges, packed as it was with twenty-nine, what at times felt like, squabbling siblings. It was hot, we came from many different backgrounds, and we barreled through India at a breakneck speed, dust and chickens flying. People got sick; there was a mammoth 100 mile traffic jam that took two days to unsnarl. I could laugh at stepping in a cow paddy warm dung squishing up through my toes but could not get over the pace, as we raced from one site to the next. I longed for peace not chaos—and at times raged at the beggars shoving their truncated limbs at me. How could the Lamas not do something to help these people. How could we ignore them. What kind of pilgrimage was this anyway. Where was the compassion I was hearing so much about. Khempo gently laughed at my impulse to give the beggars money but said quite seriously, go ahead, give them all you have. See what good it does. I was furious. I wanted to annihilate all suffering, certainly my own discomfort.

In preparation for our stop in Bodhgya, the site of Buddha's enlightenment, the Lamas shaved their heads. I remember being startled by their act of devotion, the seriousness of it. I stood under a Boddhi tree in the very same spot where the Buddha sat under his Boddhi tree two-thousand years before. I gently picked a Boddhi leaf from the ground and after cupping it in my hands, carefully put it in my diary. At Bodhgya's main temple, the Lamas performed a marriage ceremony before an ancient statue of Tara, mother of all Buddhas. The vision

and openness made me want to cry. As they married the two women from our community beneath that statute of Tara, I saw the Lamas' arms reach around the world and gather us all, the entire universe, in.

At our next stop, Vulture Peak Mountain, named centuries ago, we looked up and saw a soaring vulture, another tangible link to the past, as the Lamas swirled incense and clanged bells. We went on to Vashali, Kushinagar, Nalanda, Sarnath, and eventually back to Sarvasti where I found myself once again in Deer Park, this time alone. I wandered in the park and finally knelt in the dirt. I closed my eyes and could feel that the Buddha had touched this earth. He had actually been here where I now knelt. It was not so much that I could reach out and touch flesh and bones, although there was that element to it, but I knew in my own bones that he existed. Touching his earth gave me that.

In many ways it can be said that our lives are themselves pilgrimages. Just as it can be said that our lives are prayers. But there is something about a formal act of devotion that brings us closer to the core. While my pilgrimage was about many things—it was an intensely personal religious experience and a universally connecting one, offering a new glimpse into the mystic interworkings of history and time—mostly it was about devotion. My hope for the reader is not that you take away from this issue of *Sacred Journey* a particular message but that this issue gives you a taste of this particular kind of spiritual experience and actually brings you closer to your own pilgrimage, wherever and whatever it may be.

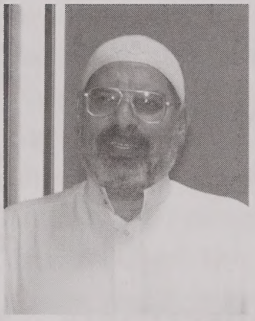
With gratitude to our writers
for sharing the
transformative power
of your experiences!

With gratitude to our subscribers
for your continued interest
and support of our mission!

Fellowship in Prayer
wishes you
light on your path
and peace as you journey!

COMPANIONS ON THE JOURNEY

An Interview with Imam Hamad Ahmad Chebli



Imam Hamad Ahmad Chebli of the Islamic Society of Central Jersey has been a friend to Fellowship In Prayer for many years. As we considered the theme of pilgrimage for this issue of SACRED JOURNEY, *we thought of the hajj and its importance for our Muslim brothers and sisters. We turned to Imam Chebli to share with us the wisdom of his insights and understanding.*

Entering the mosque, we immediately felt we were stepping into a different culture and perspective on the world. We were greeted warmly by Imam Chebli and led to his office where framed photos from the hajj decorated the walls, along with a black silk cloth bearing embroidered gold lettering. These mementos provided the visual images to enliven and contextualize our conversation. For the next several hours Imam Chebli led us on a journey of understanding of the hajj. His patience with our questions and his engaging sense of humor made the experience a particularly pleasant one.

On our way out, Imam Chebli provided us with a tour of the mosque, ultimately leading us to the room where the children from Noor-Ul-Imam School were enjoying a pizza

If you are interested in learning more about Islam or the Islamic Society of Central Jersey, please visit their website at http://www.iscj.org. The Islamic Society of Central Jersey is currently engaged in a capital campaign to raise funds for an expansion project that, among other goals, will enable them "to help build strong bridges with non-Muslim communities in the United States."

lunch. Seeing their bright eyes, welcome smiles and eager curiosity reminded us of the openness and hope that are necessary if we are to learn to journey together to a better, more peaceful and compassionate way of being in the world.

Fellowship In Prayer: The *hajj* is one of the five pillars of Islam and it is said that making the *hajj* is the culmination of a Muslim's duties. Can you describe the *hajj* for us?

Imam Chebli: First, let me tell you about the five pillars of Islam. Faith is the first pillar of Islam. As Muslims we believe "there is no god worthy of worship except God, and Muhammad is his messenger." The declaration of our faith is called the *shahada.* We declare, "There is no God but Allah." The second pillar is prayer. *Salat* is the name for the obligatory prayers recited by Muslims five times a day. They are a direct link between the worshipper and God. There is no hierarchical authority in Islam, so these prayers can be led by any learned person who knows the *Qu'ran*. Charity or *zakat* is the third pillar. One of the most important principles of Islam is that all belongs to God. Wealth is to be shared. The word *zakat* means both purification and growth so our possessions are purified by setting aside a portion for the poor, to help them. Every dollar we give as charity, God has said he will multiply seventy times. *Zakat* also has a much wider meaning because the Prophet (peace be upon him) said "even meeting your brother with a cheerful face is charity." Our fourth pillar is fasting, known as *sawm.* Although fasting is beneficial to our physical health, it is primarily regarded as a method of self-purification. In the month

of Ramadan, all Muslims fast from sunrise to sundown, abstaining from food and drink as well as sexual relations. The fifth pillar of Islam is the *hajj*. It means pilgrimage, to take a journey from where one lives to Mecca and the *Ka'bah*, the house of God, with the intention of worshipping *Allah*. The Prophet (pbuh) said every deed has to be preceded by an intention, so before the *hajj*, one must have the intention and make the necessary preparations. A person has to consider his budget, his health, the safe road, whether he will be able to reach the destination. The *hajj* is the journey itself but sincere intention and preparation also lead to worship of God on the journey.

What do you mean when you speak about intention?

No one knows an individual's intention but God, the Lord, the Sustainer. For example, your intention is to visit us today in the mosque and you cover your head with a scarf. Your intention is to honor the mosque of God and appear in the best way that you can. This could be your intention. No one else really knows your intention except you and God. What is my intention about going to Mecca on the *hajj*? Is it to buy a goat? God knows if I am going to buy a goat. To buy silver? God knows if I am going to buy silver. To enjoy my trip or to show off? Well, God knows that, too. He also knows if my intention is to please him alone—and not for personal gain. The sincerity of my intention is between God and me.

If you do not have the right intention, is your *hajj* unacceptable to God?

Nobody can judge that except God. He is the only one who will judge the intention and activity of the people. We have no right to tell this person, or that group, or this sect of Islam, or that school what is accepted by God. Acceptance and rejection are by God alone. The *hajj* is a once in a lifetime obligation upon every Muslim to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. It is required that the rituals of the *hajj* be performed in the same manner as the Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) did almost fourteen centuries ago.

Would you tell us a little more about the *hajj*?

It is our understanding from the Prophet (pbuh) that one of the purposes of the *hajj* is to pray in the house of God with millions of other Muslims from all over the world. The Prophet (pbuh) says that every single prayer recited in Mecca at the *Ka'bah*, among the crowd, will be doubled and multiplied and increased 100,000 times. Well, these calculations may be a little off, but God will bestow many, many blessings! It was Abraham with his son, Ishmael, who built the *Ka'bah* because God said to Abraham, "This is the place for my house. Raise the foundation and people will come to perform pilgrimage." The *Ka'bah* in Mecca is the focal point toward which Muslims turn when they pray.

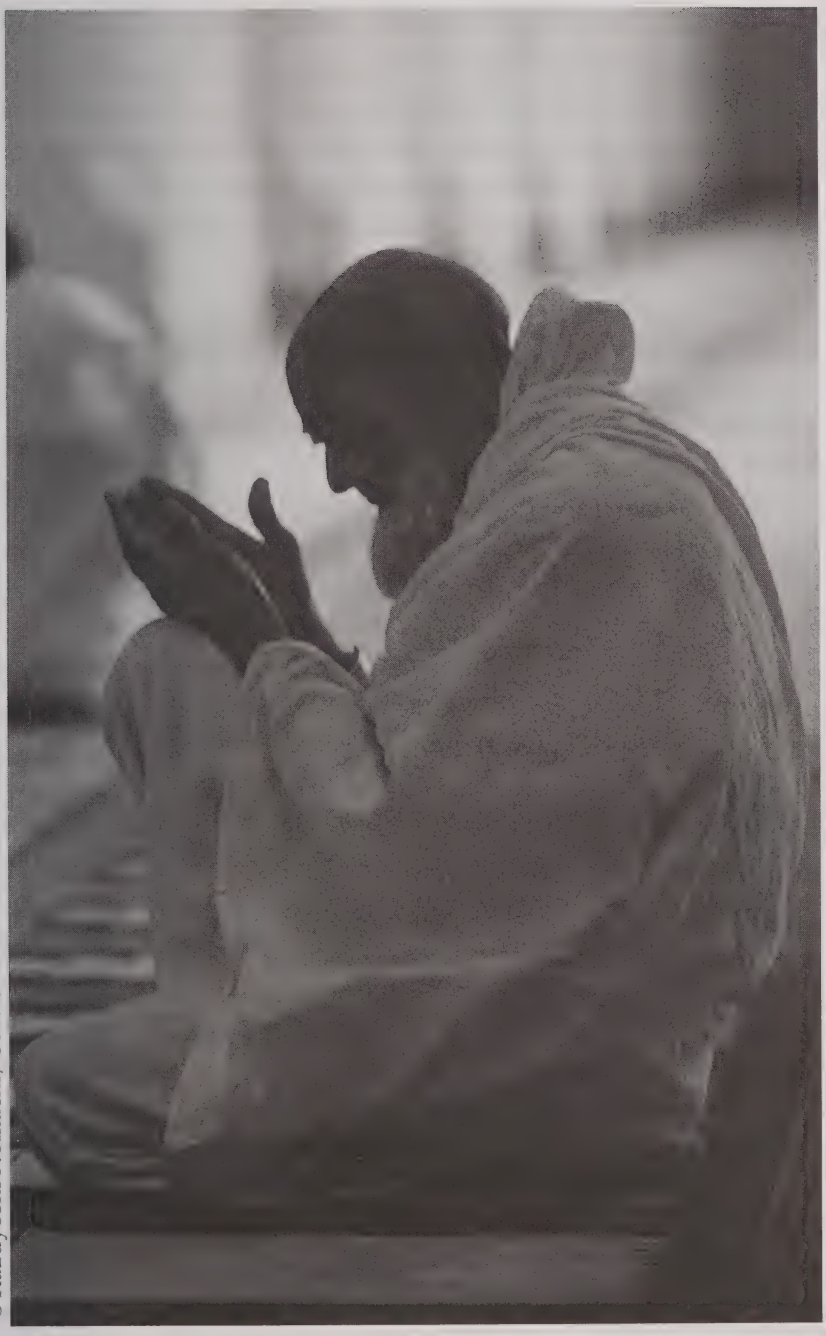
The *hajj* begins on the eighth day of *Dhu al-Hijjah*, the twelfth month of the Islamic lunar calendar. That is why the *hajj*, unlike most religious holidays, does not fall on the same day or at the same time of the year. Sometimes it will be in summer; other times it will be in winter.

To understand the rites of the *hajj*, let me for a moment go back to history because we have a very basic

story. The Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) was born in Mecca, the place where Abraham lived and made supplication to God to send a messenger who would teach the people wisdom. As a prophet, Muhammad (pbuh) couldn't survive in Mecca because it had become a city where the people worshipped idols, had desecrated the *Ka'bah* and had abandoned the teachings of their forefather, Abraham. There was no religious belief in one God there, no Christianity, no Judaism, no Islam. The people made their god of stone and carried it and prayed to it. After thirteen years God gave the Prophet (pbuh) permission to move from Mecca to the city of Medina, about two hundred miles away, where he started to teach the people about the oneness of God. The Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) worked to make the word of Allah supreme and eventually he smashed the idols inside the *Ka'bah* and it once again became the center of worship for the one, true God. The rites of the *hajj* were once again performed with purity, simplicity and for God alone, making it worthy of the reward of Paradise. We practice all five pillars of Islam, all at the same time in the rituals of the *hajj*. When we are on the *hajj*, we declare our belief in God, pray, fast and practice charity.

What are the rituals of the *hajj*?

Pilgrims wear special garments for the *hajj*, simple garments that do away with distinctions of class and culture. When we are born, our mothers deliver us without any type of clothing. We are born with nothing. So, for the *hajj*, men wear a white garment called the *ihram*. It is made up of two pieces of seamless cloth, one covers the body from the waist to the ankles and one is



© Kazuyoshi Nomachi/Corbis

thrown over the shoulder. This was the garb worn by Abraham and the Prophet Muhammad (pbuh). Women wear a simple white dress and head covering. Once we put on our *hajj* clothes, we are to be in a state of purity that prohibits conjugal relations and violence of any kind. We wear these garments throughout our pilgrimage.

Even before we arrive at the airport, we begin to chant the *talbiyah*, "Here I am, O God, at Thy Command." It is a beautiful song—men, women, children, we all chant it together. And every time we greet someone we say, "*Assalamu alaikum,*" which means "Peace be upon you." Everyone knows we are *hajji.*

On the first day of the *hajj,* we go from Mecca to a small village east of the city, Mina, and we pray and meditate just like the Prophet (pbuh) did on his journey. On the second day we go to the mountain of Arafah to an open field. This is the height of the *hajj*. Anyone who misses this meeting, during the short period of time between noon prayer and sunset—on this particular day of *hajj,* will have failed to fulfill his or her intention to complete the hajj and will have to come back again. As Muslims, we believe this gathering with millions of others on the *hajj* is like the Day of Judgment. Everybody is dressed the same. Everybody is in the same location. Everybody is praying in the same direction toward Mecca. There is unity and diversity. We have come from many different countries but we are united under the one umbrella to say, "There is no God but God, and Muhammad is his messenger."

How would someone on the *hajj* miss this part of the journey?

I will tell you how someone could miss this part of the journey. The city is small. The road is limited and buses crowd it for 75 kilometers. Last year when we were on the *hajj*, we did not break the law of the Book, God knows, but we tried to speed ahead of the crowd to be there before them. People like to beat the crowd, just like people going to New York. The problem is that everybody thinks, "I am going before the crowd," and so everybody is going at the same time. Now, if you have a nice bus and a nice driver, and he knows the streets, he can put you there first. But my point is that if someone misses this part of his *hajj*, he just has to come back again.

The Prophet (pbuh) asked God to pardon the sins of any pilgrims who stand and pray at Arafah and God said He would grant his wish. This is the place where the Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) gave his sermons at his first and last pilgrimages. While at Arafah, someone stands up and repeats what the Prophet (pbuh) said.

Even before the sun comes up on the third day, we go to an open plain between Arafah and Mina where we pray and we collect twenty-one stones to be used in another ritual. In Mina on day four, we cast the pebbles we collected against three white pillars, representing how Satan tried to convince Abraham, his wife and his son to disobey God's command to sacrifice Isaac. With each stone we throw, we cast away evil. We do this seven times toward each pillar because the number seven means infinity. If a pilgrim is too weak, someone who is stronger can cast the stones for him/her. For instance, I had people on my bus last year who were in wheelchairs, so I gave their stones to stronger men. I told them to cast their own stones first and then to cast the

stones on behalf of the person who was unable to throw them. After this ritual, an animal is sacrificed and the meat is given to the poor. Men and women are required to sacrifice something at this time. Men often shave their heads completely; women cut a little bit from the end of their hair, no more than the length of a fingertip. This sacrifice symbolizes our willingness to be like Abraham and part with whatever is precious to us because we are submissive to God's will. We then return to Mecca on the fifth day where we circle the *Ka'bah* seven times, reciting a prayer each time. This is a sign that God is at the center of all our activity and we are all one with God. While circling the *Ka'bah*, we sometimes go to kiss or touch the Black Stone. It is the only remaining stone from the structure originally built by Abraham and Ishmael. We do this only because the Messenger of God, Muhammad (pbuh) called the Station of Abraham, and then drink the water of Zamzam. Our last ritual is called the *sa'y* or "running" and recalls how Hagar ran seven times between the mountains of Safa and Marwa to find water for her infant son, Ishmael.

"There is no reward for a pious pilgrimage but Paradise."

~Al-Tirmidhi

As the culmination to the *hajj*, we celebrate the Festival of Prayer. This is when everyone, the king, the great Imam, the soldiers, all the people who are close by come to occupy the house of God. Everyone is in festive dress. They exchange gifts. They hug each other.

What is inside the *Ka'bah*?

The *Ka'bah* is like a little stone house but higher than three floors. Once, a member of my community, a young man, was on the *hajj* making his seven rounds when the door of the *Ka'bah* was opened for a dignitary and he slipped in. The young man was crying when he told me about this. I asked him, "What is inside?" He said, "Imam, nothing, just poles to hold the ceiling." Yes, there is only empty space in the *Ka'bah*, but it is the spot where Abraham, Ishmael and Hagar once stood in God's house. This young man was crying because he experienced being on the inside of the *Ka'bah*, the place where millions of *hajji* go to touch, to kiss, to cry on the outside.

We see in your photos that the *Ka'bah* is covered by a black cloth with gold accents. Would you tell us about it?

This piece of cloth (pointing to a framed piece of black silk with gold embroidery)—you can touch it; there is no glass on the frame. I am not sure, but I am told that this piece of silk came directly from the *kiswah*, the big cloth that once covered the *Ka'bah*. Every year the *kiswah* is replaced during the eighth night of the *hajj* when the people go to Arafah. The cloth that is taken off the *Ka'bah* is cut into small pieces and given as gifts to dignitary guests. Verses from the *Qu'ran* are put on it. You can see a letter if you look closely at this piece on the wall and I've been told it may be from Chapter 112 in the *Qu'ran*.

This is beautiful! So, you must be a dignitary?

It could be! It could be! God knows! God knows! Would you like to read a translation of this verse from the *Qu'ran*?

Yes, of course. The passage reads, "In the name of God, most gracious, most merciful. Say: He is God, the only and one. God, the eternal, absolute. He begetteth not, nor is He begotten. And there is none like Him."

This chapter is one of the shortest in the *Qu'ran* but it tells us who God is. When Muhammad (pbuh) was asked by the people about God, he used this verse to say, "This is my God."

You have obviously made the *hajj* more than once. Is it more meritorious for a Muslim to make the *hajj* as many times as possible?

No. God said in the Book that *Shahadah* is to be repeated with every breath, prayer is to be said five times a day with some extra, give to charity when you are able, fast during *Ramadan* once a year and make the *hajj* at least once in your lifetime. If you are able to go to *hajj* more than once or to send people on your behalf, your happiness will go up, not down and you will renew your faith but it is only obligatory on the person who is able to do it once in his life.

What does it mean to live the meaning of *hajj* in everyday life?

In the *Qu'ran*, there are 6,236 verses. The verse that shakes me up every time I read it is the one where God says, "All you who believe, why do you say one thing and

do something else?" The minute we make ourselves familiar with our faith, our religion,—not just Islam, but in general—we have to live it twenty-four hours a day. There is no time when I can say, "I am free of my religion. I don't have to practice what I believe." When you go on the *hajj*, you come back with a very high spirit. You have been to God's house, you feel very close to God and you want to serve people more, not just with lip service, but with the best quality of service you can offer. Through making the *hajj* you have proven to yourself what you can do and you want to continue living what you learned from the *hajj* every day.

ILLUMINATIONS

We were born with silence, and as we grew up we lost the silence and we were filled with words. We lived in our hearts, and as time passed we moved into our heads. Now the reversal of this journey is enlightenment. It is the journey from the head back to the heart, from words back to silence; getting back to our innocence in spite of our intelligence.

~ Eckhart Tolle

Come, come, whoever you are. Wanderer, idolater, worshipper of fire, come even you who have broken your vows a thousand times. Come, and yet come again. Ours is not a caravan of despair.

~ Rumi

I have always known that one day I would take this path though yesterday I did not know it would be today.

~ Ariwara no Narihari

Passages are openings that lead to other places, other possibilities. At first, they may seem unfamiliar or even forbidding. But by traveling through them, you begin to realize the promise of transition, of transformation, of grace-filled beginnings. A passage will never leave you at the same point where you began.

~ Palmer Jones

We don't know all the reasons that propel us on a spiritual journey, but somehow our life compels us to go. Something in us knows that we are not just here to toil at our work. There is a mysterious pull to remember.

~ Jack Kornfield

It may well be that the meeting of spiritual paths—the assimilation not only of one's personal spiritual heritage, but that of the human community as a whole—is the distinctive spiritual journey of our time.

~ Ewert Cousins

When a man journeys towards his destiny, often he is obliged to change paths. At other times, the forces around him are too powerful and he is compelled to lay aside his courage and yield. All this is part of the apprenticeship.

~ Paulo Coelho

A pilgrimage is a journey to an ancient place where your soul needs to go and when you let it, your body takes you there.

~ Jan Davis

On a long journey of human life, faith is the best of companions; it is the best refreshment on the journey; and it is the greatest property.

~ Gautama Siddhartha

When you plan a journey from your mind into mine, remember to allow for the time difference.

~Ashleigh Brilliant

Finding God at Starbucks

Westina Matthews

On a spiritual retreat that included thirty-six hours of sacred silence, I began my daily ritual of walking one morning and had to confront an unexpected dilemma. My usual walking route took me through a wooded area to a residential community and eventually to Starbucks. Having the time to enjoy a cup of coffee and read the New York Times was a great luxury for me—a welcome respite from typically busy days back home. On this particular Sunday morning, I was torn about whether or not I could go to Starbucks and still maintain sacred silence. Slipping folded bills and the note on which was written "grande decaf, leave room for milk" into my back pocket, I started out on my walk. As each footstep drew me closer to Starbucks, questions arose. Can silence be found at Starbucks? Is there sacredness in a cup of java? Is it sacrificial not to have the coffee? Will it be a higher ground or higher grounds?

Westina Matthews, Ph.D., is a managing director at a Wall Street firm and a graduate of the Spiritual Guidance Program at the Shalem Institute for Spiritual Formation. She connects with others through her series of poignant spiritual books based on the mustard seed parable.

Somewhere along the way, I began to think that perhaps I was searching for answers about something that did not require this much angst in my soul. God is not in the cup of coffee. God is in ME. If my questioning is centered on the so-called godliness or ungodliness of having a cup of coffee, it would seem that I am missing the more compelling question around "to be or not to be" one with God. "Let the beauty we love be what we do," wrote thirteenth century Persian teacher and poet, Rumi, "There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground." Yes, there are hundreds of ways to be with God. God can be experienced kneeling by one's bedside, kneeling in a pew, or "kneeling" in the bathroom stall at work. It can be experienced kissing a loved one, "kissing" the air, or "kissing" a cup of Starbucks coffee. It is not important where we kneel but that we kneel. It is not important how we kiss but that we kiss. What is most important is that we continually strive to do God's will in all of our ways, and "let the beauty we love be what we do."

I work on Wall Street. Finding God at Starbucks is a much easier task than finding God in a stock quote, in a merger or acquisition, or in an Excel spreadsheet. Can spirituality be in the workplace when the job is so financially driven? When I began my studies in spiritual direction, I sensed an open and honest suspicion from my classmates—many wondering how someone from the financial industry could be interested in nurturing a spiritual heart or what kind of calling to the ministry of "holy listening" this might be? Initially, some even questioned whether people in business could be religious and moral. In their minds, contemplation of spirit simply could not occur when one is paid to contemplate profit and loss statements! Skepticism abounded openly and

prayerfully—and I humbly embraced it, searching for reaffirmation that I was in the right place at the right time. The call upon my heart to become a spiritual companion has come out of a desire to deepen my relationship with God and to companion others in the business world who share a similar desire.

Over the course of my studies—and through the time I have spent with my directees, my peer group, and in spiritual direction myself—I have begun to understand that there is a difference between "work" and a "job." Listening to my directees (or more often than not, in conversations with my colleagues by the water cooler, in the elevator banks, or over lunch) I have consistently heard them pondering where God is in their jobs. When I quietly ask, "What has God called you to do in your work—not your job, but your work? I find they can begin a new level of conversation with God. It is only when they start to expand their understanding of their view of work that they are led to a deeper understanding of how it is they can find God in their jobs. Job, calling, and work are inextricably intertwined in the search for peace and in deepening our relationship with God. My job today is to be a managing director for a financial firm. I believe my calling is to lead, to speak, to write, and to love. My work as a spiritual companion is an answer to this call. I am happy to report that by the time I completed my studies, my classmates had begun to believe, accept, and support my calling. On

What has God called you to do in your work—not your job, but your work?

the final day of retreat, one spiritual companion, hugging me tightly whispered in my ear, "I feel better now, knowing that you are on Wall Street."

Let me close this where I began—on my way to Starbucks. That Sunday morning on a hot summer day in early July, I did go into Starbucks and order my cup of coffee, thanking God for the hands that prepared and served it and blessing the hands that were holding the cup. I have long since returned home from my retreat but I have continued my early morning walks and my tradition of stopping at the neighborhood Starbucks for my first cup of coffee. I have concluded that it is possible to find God at Starbucks, at our jobs, in our work, through our calling because God is with us and within us...we take God wherever we go.

POETRY

at eventide

Bobbi Dykema Katsanis

I walk along the ochre road
of gravel, seeking bluebells in the ditch,
arms swinging, footfalls shifting little pebbles
sunglow burnishing each surface from within

a meditation: labyrinthine straightness
of a road across the prairie, empty, quiet,
parallel the long horizon, daylight somewhere
between meadowlark and owl, vesper and compline,
solitary prayer, on roads through nowhere
traveling by still movement, lush austerity
the tacet territory
of the soul.

Bobbi Dykema Katsanis is currently working on her doctorate in Art and Religion at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. She writes because she loves the world too much to keep silent.

A School Sister of Notre Dame from the Mankato, Minnesota Province, Justin Wirth learned as a child the love of poetry from her parents' treasured books. She finds writing poetry to be a joy.

Marcia Scarborough Keller is a retired teacher of English, Reading, and Creative Writing. She and her husband Ray live between Huntsville, AL and Ruidoso, NM. She considers writing poetry a spiritual and healing experience.

The Path

Justin Wirth

There was no path
I couldn't walk ahead
I didn't know where to go
so I just stood still.

Transcendent, warm and quiet
You encircled, held me
entered, spread within me
and I stood still.

I cradled, held You
immanent, warm and quiet.
No need to find a path.
Just to stand.

The Source

Marcia Scarborough Keller

If birds' bones can take them
home to warmth in winter
and bring untutored young
back to the same sun in spring,
why then can I not trust my journey
to thoughts that resonate
from the source of birds
lands, oceans, self and
all things?

Yellowknife Auroa Fingers by Tessa Macintosh

Intuition

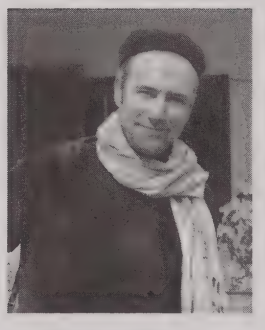
Susan Landon

What knowledge flows within our veins is born
with us, a message hidden by our God.
Then search for yours, and never dare to scorn
the prophet wild whose puzzling words will prod
you toward a path now indistinct, but right.
How else to find your way, escape the maze
of earthly pain, the sorrow born of night?
O gentle soul, reach out. For she who stays
within the earthly world alone ignores
the cosmic pull that rules our lives. So reach
for greater things, set sail for distant shores.
Let love and silence guide you, for in each
are found a path to inner depth. The goal
must be a course that elevates your soul.

Susan Landon's spiritual journey began with early participation in a Protestant church. She subsequently explored world religions through travel, study, and personal practice. Her devotional poetry frequently appears in religious publications, including the United Methodist Church's Alive Now *and the* Quaker Friends Journal.

The Road to Return

Guy Lieberman



The journey back home, you know the one that begins with the first step, often begins by walking out the front door.

Loaded with a backpack that would stagger the burliest Navy SEAL, I stumbled outside toward the car. My father was waiting at the driver's side with a wide grin. He was to take me to the Johannesburg train station, destination: Bulawayo, Zimbabwe. "You must be crazy," he said. "What do you need all that stuff for?" Perhaps he was right. After all, I was embarking on a spiritual journey—why all the baggage?

That glorious day was the first official step on my wide arc back home. Not back home to Jo'burg, but back home to my roots. It was November 1992. I was heading forth to conquer, running solo. I was going to find myself. Over

Guy Lieberman is a filmaker, social activist and a sustainable development entrepreneur. He envisions living in a world where ethics, environment, economy and spirit can merge seamlessly, and believes it's possible for this to become a reality in his lifetime. He has a global network of spirtitual, religious and political leaders as well as social justice activists, ethical visionaries and captains of industry. He lives, works and plays between Jerusalm and Johannesburg, drives a yellow jeep and happens to have a very good sense of humor.

the following nine years, I explored thirty-five countries throughout Africa, Europe, North and South America, the Middle East, South and Central Asia, and the Pacific Rim, coming into contact with a plethora of cultures and wisdom traditions, constantly seeking the unified vision, the spiritual apex, the ultimate understanding of why we are alive on earth. It was a blessed journey, and I have a library of multi-colored memories, along with a veritable United Nations of friends.

The spiritual high became my top priority, challenged only when distracted by European chocolate. I met mystics and meditators, shamans and charlatans, activists and criminals. And I was not alone. My spirituality-seeking brethren and I saw us as cosmic corpuscles flowing through the veins of the living Earth, transferring energy as we traveled, sharing essential—and existential—information with one another, and leaving beacons that point the way to the nearest slab of Cadbury's double-thick and other essentials. We knew our goals, and we were young and committed. But we had to keep moving.

In November of 1994, I arrived in Dharamsala, northern India, the home of the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan government-in-exile. And then everything changed. I felt I had discovered something very special, an ancient, carefully developed, and authentic wisdom tradition with many worthy teachers and, of course, the Dalai Lama himself at their head. Not only that, the Tibetans were themselves a worthy cause, needing support in their struggle for freedom from the oppressive, brutal Chinese regime. I dove right in.

Dharamsala starts in the plains and ascends up the foothills to the snowline of the Dhauladhar range of the

Himalayas. It is a magical place: majestic snow-capped peaks, forests, meadows, and tiered barley fields set among picturesque villages of adobe and slate. Besides the familiar slew of spiritual seekers I recognized from the global vascular system, I noticed a marked increase in the Israeli population and a disproportionate number of Jews. In fact, I discovered this in most of the spiritual centers I visited across India, but nowhere was it so pronounced as in Dharamsala. According to the Department of Information at the Indian Embassy in Tel Aviv, 28,000 Israelis visit India every year, and nearly 20,000 of them head for Dharamsala. Jews, it seems, are great seekers.

My integration with the Tibetans was swift: I went into retreat, I studied, meditated, asked questions, I tried to be a good Buddhist boy. Along with others like myself, I would go into silence for days, sometimes weeks at a time. I soon discovered that there were many serious Jewish Buddhist practitioners who had ascended the ranks of the Tibetan Buddhist world. These and other Jews from an array of Buddhist sects across Asia are collectively known as JuBus. After all this time of denying any form of self-labeling, was I now going to be pigeon-holed, no matter how accurately or—quite frankly—how cool?

There are stories, many of them, that tell of Jews who were intending to take on Buddhist practices, but when the Dalai Lama discovered their intentions, he explicitly discouraged them from so doing. His general attitude is this: if one were to seek spirituality at home with the same sincerity, breadth, acceptance, and commitment, one would certainly find what one was looking for. We are born as Jews for a reason: to be as Jewish as we can.

Nelson Mandela and H.H. Dalai Lama stand with host Qhuzulini John Sithole, Chairman of the African Cultural Heritage Trust, and Guy Lieberman.

Azriel Cohen, who runs an organization that hosts large Passover Seders and programs around the Jewish holidays in Dharamsala, initially led a small delegation to meet with the Dalai Lama. He respectfully requested the Dalai Lama's permission to run Jewish-focused religious festivals in what is ostensibly the Tibetan leader's seat-in-exile. The Dalai Lama's response was full of laughter, but telling: "Permission? It is my pleasure! You are the Chosen People, not so?"

In 1999, I reached a crossroad. I was a director of the World Festival of Sacred Music, the Dalai Lama's millennium initiative. Each continent was to host such a festival, and it was my responsibility to see that the African event took place in Cape Town that December. It was a gargantuan undertaking that brought me back home to South Africa. While I attempted to make it all dovetail, I began to explore Jewish teachings and was a frequent guest at local Shabbat tables. I began learning basic

Kabbalah under the guidance of Rabbi Dr. Arthur Seltzer, a Lubavitcher from New York. He had a deeply positive effect on me, and together we navigated this transformational period of my life. There was no longer any doubt that I was moving closer to Judaism. The depth of the spirituality and the personal and communal commitment fascinated me. I was compelled to know more.

Rodger Kamenetz, author of the well-known book *The Jew in the Lotus: A Poet's Rediscovery of Jewish Identity in Buddhist India*, documents a meeting of the Dalai Lama and eight rabbis. Kamenetz and I once shared some thoughts on the present state of the Jewish world and the fact that so many Jews are disconnected from our tradition. What the Buddhists have done, he said, is create a Buddhism for export from which Westerners benefit. What we need to do, he continued, is to create a Judaism for export—and then import it back to ourselves.

About halfway through '99, with a profound sense of the changes that lay ahead and a commitment to move with dedication and patience, I decided that I would head for Jerusalem. This empowering resolution altered my experience in every possible way. In January 2000, I packed my Cape Town life into boxes and embarked for Israel.

My first port of call was the Mayanot Yeshivah, which proved to be a good entry point into Jerusalem and Judaism. The young men living and learning there, warmly called *bochurim* (boys), came from socio-economic backgrounds similar to mine. There was a range of ages and degrees of Jewish exposure, from successfully secular to newly religious and everything in between. I spent seven weeks there and, thanks to

the open attitude of the rabbis, was able to come and go as I pleased.

It was during that time that I discovered Safed, the ancient city that is the heart of Jewish mysticism. Close friends encouraged me to head up there for a visit and get a taste of Kabbalah in 3-D. I was intrigued and soon discovered that an old high school friend and his wife were, in fact, living there, running programs for an organization called *Livnot U'Lehibanot* ("To Build and To Be Built"). They invited me for Shabbat, and I accepted.

From the moment I tasted that Shabbat in Safed, my life took a sharp turn. I will simply say that without rebuffing any of my former choices—all choices are ultimately Providential—I happened upon the most fitting home for me. The ancient city of Safed accepted me, flaws and all. I met teachers and sage mentors, developed deep friendships, and launched many inspiring initiatives from that space. I made a life for myself in the Artist Quarter, producing documentary films on spiritual and cultural topics, focusing on Jewish issues and life in Israel. In 2007 I returned to South Africa, remaining in the conscious film industry, continuing to visit Safed several times a year where I am always inspired by the spiritual gifts I receive there. I have returned to my root tradition, awed by the gifts that lie hidden within my true home.

All choices are ultimately Providential.

A REFLECTION

I Have Walked These Grounds

Nancy Resnick Hendrickson

I have walked these grounds of Auschwitz and Birkenau.
I have seen the execution wall, the locks and barracks.
I have gazed out the same window another may have looked through dreaming of freedom or wishing for death to come.
I stood at the selection site
My feet didn't know where to touch down.
Every step I took on that soil, made me wonder of those who stood there before me, those who went down,
and those who never got up.
My heart ached. Yet, I found peace on those grounds.
The grass was a shimmering, manicured green.
The sun was setting and the shadows cast themselves magnificently. There was no commandant,
no guns, no prisoners,
no bands playing and for the moment, the human suffering belonged only to me, a witness of what once was. A candle was lit, a prayer chanted, and I left that place,
thankful to be moving on.

Nancy Resnick Hendrickson is a school psychologist in Lawrence Township, NJ. Her interest in human diversity and prejudice reduction led her to participate in the Eastern Europe Holocaust Education Seminar. Nancy is the Founder and Coordinator of the Center for Humanitarian and Affective Instruction at Lawrence High School.

Auschwitz by Nancy Resnick Hendrickson

Christmas Spirit

Amy Webb

Last flight home of the year. Loaded with bags from days on the road, I flag a taxi at 33rd and 9th, LaGuardia-bound. Soon after my arm waves the air, a yellow streak stops before me; trunk popped. The driver jumps out and helps load my bags so he can reclaim space in the slow crawl out of Chelsea. "They come to see the tree," the driver explains as we settle inside. His words pulse along with the gas pedal and brake as he tells me he is figuring how to get around the mass converging on the next decade of blocks. Two-plus hours before flight time just might not be enough to make the usually short commute—it's mid-town at Christmas, after all. He winds his way to a street where the traffic is flowing all the while relaying a story about taking two Russians teens to JFK in a race against the clock, announcing proudly,"without using my horn once!" I can't decide whether to sit back and relax, or sit up and listen.

Amy Webb said yes to a calling to be an Organizational Psychologist, coaching leaders around the world to grow and transform. At Pawleys Island, SC, she is currently healing from breast cancer, gratefully sustained through writing, praying, and with the loving relationships of her husband, family and friends. She believes in everyday miracles.

I sit up and listen. As we enter the tunnel, he tells me how he had "just" come to America six years ago, from Pakistan and learned his English by listening to the radio and his passengers. "I love my job. I work seven days a week but I have no stress. Even with this traffic. It's because I see every day as learning. And at the end of the day I thank God for the new learning, and I pray for the passengers who teach me. Who needs a dictionary when people can tell you the meaning of a word? You have to be able to ask, and I do that." Given the quality of his English, I am incredulous, but his words seem to ring true.

He goes on to tell me about a man who once entered his cab and put a gun to his head, "He told me 'Give me all your money,' so I did. I pulled out my money and said to him, 'Here take all of my money, you must need it more than I do tonight. I have a cab and can make more money, but you cannot, so take it.' The man grabbed the money, then looked at me and hit his head again and again, three times, with the palm of his hand, and yelled to me, 'You wake me up, you wake me up' and he put the gun back in his pocket and threw the money on the seat. He took nothing."

I suggested to my cab driver this was his ministry—ministry was a new word for him. "Your purpose on earth...how you serve others...in your cab," I offered. He responds, "I am only a connection; we all are. We just need to open our hearts. My religion says that you give what you have to anyone coming to your door, even if it is the other half of the apple you have eaten. So I give it, even my apple. Even those who are not good, once they get a taste of good, they will remember it." Ah, his description was much richer than mine!

I asked him his religion and he answered, "I am Muslim." Surprised a bit that I might have assumed otherwise, he continued, "I have to make myself a magnet, pure, to attract. You know I am just renting this body; it belongs to God. My religion says "Open your heart, close your hand, and hold on to your self,'" and then he described how those who act violently against themselves or others, in the name of God, are not "being true."

He was impassioned and eagerly told me two more stories of how he had been called. It was as though he had to tell them to bear witness to me before I got out of the cab. He said, "A few years ago, it was night and a woman comes into my cab, heading home. After a few minutes, she screams and tells me something broke and she needed to go to the hospital. She said something about baby. We rushed to hospital and she used my phone to call her husband. He met us there. I stayed with him until the baby was born a few hours later. The husband put the baby in my arms and it was the best feeling I ever had. I gave him my number in case he needed anything, and then left. Two days later, the man called me and said something about godfather. My English was not so good then. I said to him, 'No, no, I am not a god, and I am not a father, you are the father,' and hung up quickly. I was upset. I told this to a woman, my next passenger, and she explained to me what the word godfather meant. I felt ashamed and called the man back and told him why

Your ministry is your purpose on earth— how you serve others.

I hung up, and thanked him for the 'honor.' That was another new word the woman taught me."

His last story was as powerful as the others. He told me of a homeless man he once met. "One day I saw him on the street and told him to get in the cab, and he did. I told him; 'we are going to a place to help you work so you can feed yourself' I drove him to the wholesale street and bought a case of umbrellas for $20.00. I gave them to him and told him to sell them for $5.00 each, and dropped him off at a corner close to where he stayed. That afternoon, it rained. I saw him later that night and he said he sold all the umbrellas and had money in his pocket. He gave me back my $20.00 and I did not take it. 'You buy more things to sell,' I told him. I talk to him, my brain to his brain, with the help of God. I tell him, 'You pay me the $20.00 in the next world, but use it in this life. If I take back this money, you will go back to your old ways. If you owe me, you will work.' He is still on that corner, doing okay. I still won't take my $20.00 back but he asks me each time I see him."

I am speechless.

We arrive at the departures terminal just as he finishes his story. He unloads my bags from the trunk to the curb, and hands me a receipt. We stand for a bit, eyeball to eyeball, and take each other's hands. I touch his cheek, and say, "God bless you." "Merry Christmas," he nods and turns back to his cab. I watch as he pulls away and with tears in my eyes the words form in my head, "and to all he will serve, a good night."

YOU !!

Oh You, who have no name,
whisper to me anyway,
that I might shout Your Name
to all the worlds!

Oh You, who have no form,
reveal to me in secret,
Your shape, Your form,
that multitudes might come to see and praise You!

Oh You, who are
myriad beyond the ubiquity of these heavens,
become the simple act of unbidden kindness,
that we might plunge Your deep wells of
gratitude and yearning!

May all our tears of joy and sorrow
be Your baptismal fount,

which circulates these waters ever on,
round and round,
back through
and into Thee!

~ Jeffrey Starbuck

A holistic psychotherapist with a private practice in Princeton, NJ, Jeff was born and raised in Idaho. He considers himself of the Sacred Fool tradition, a Sufi, a Bhakta, a worshiper of the Nameless shimmering in all forms. He says; "I have been on a sacred journey all my life."

Journeying With You

In my journeying with you
may I never lose my sense of
direction
never lose sight of the
landmark
towards which I travel
And should cloud or rain
obscure my vision
may I draw closer to you
so that my feet tread
in your footsteps
your words be my
encouragement
and your love my protection
against the storms that assail me.

~ John Birch, *Heart 2 Heart*

Lead gently, Lord

Lead gently, Lord, and slow
for fear that I may fall;
I know not where to go
unless I hear thy call.
My fainting soul doth yearn
for thy green hills afar;
so let thy mercy burn—
my greater, guiding star!

~ Paul Laurence Dunbar (1895)

Walking The Labyrinth

To walk the labyrinth is to make a pilgrimage, to discover something about ourselves and God. The destination is not important; the journey is! Labyrinths are not magical, although they are full of mystery and offer on many different levels an avenue for experiencing the mystery of life.

A labyrinth is an ancient symbol of wholeness, giving purpose and meaning to the circular path, a metaphor for life's journey. Labyrinths date back more than 4000 years. The medieval Christian seven-circuit labyrinth that begins in the shape of a cross is the most common design. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries, medieval pilgrims, unable to fulfill their desire to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, went instead to many pilgrimage sites throughout Europe. They often converged at a labyrinth formed of stone in the floor of the nave of a great Gothic cathedral. The center of these labyrinths represented the Holy City and became a substitute pilgrimage destination.

Unlike a maze, a labyrinth has only one path leading from its entrance to its center and back out, albeit by a complex and winding route. The sacred geometry of the labyrinth involves the numbers four, seven and twelve. For Christians, the four quadrants of the labyrinth can represent the four gospels or the four stages of the Mass.

Information for this article was taken from Walking A Sacred Path *by Lauren Artress, and the websites: http://www.lessons4living.com/walking.htm, and http://www.findingstone.com/workshops/labyrinth/*

Seven is the number of full-circle turns to be made in each quadrant, symbolizing the seven sacraments or the chakras of the human body. Twelve is the total number of the labyrinth's paths and center, identifying it with the twelve-month lunar calendar used in the Christian tradition to determine the date of Easter.

One approach to walking the labyrinth is based on the Christian Threefold Path of Purgation, Illumination and Union. The walk from the entrance of the labyrinth to its center is focused on "letting go," releasing worries and concerns. At the center, one takes a receptive, meditative stance to receive illumination about one's life. The path out of the labyrinth is focused on taking what one has learned into the world.

The labyrinth is a path for prayer and meditation. There is no right or wrong way to walk a labyrinth. One can be serious or light-hearted; the walk can be made alone or with others, completed slowly or more quickly. The most important aspects are to be receptive and attentive.

Some general guidelines to be followed in walking a labyrinth are:

Become centered by pausing at the entrance. Think about the people, places and events in your life. Consider whether you want to hold one of these as an image for your meditation or whether you would prefer to concentrate on your breathing or repeat a sacred mantra, simply allowing your thoughts to come and go. Nod or bow reverently before entering the sacred space.

Walk purposefully. Pause at the center. Be attentive and open your mind and heart. Let your imagination and intuition guide you along the way, knowing that you may be refreshed or startled by what is revealed.

istockphoto.com/leezsnow

Turn and face the entrance, acknowledging you are leaving the labyrinth.

Reflect on your experience. You might journal or draw as a way of capturing the meaning of your walk.

The more often you engage in a spiritual practice the more meaningful it becomes. People have very different experiences walking the labyrinth. Some individuals come to a deep sense of inner peace, others encounter divine discontent. For some, old memories well up as they walk, while others ponder the present. Walkers occasionally have a physical reaction, becoming light-headed, feeling weightless or very warm. One can experience a profound awakening, a small insight or nothing at all. Whatever you experience walking a labyrinth, it is your experience. Relax. See where the labyrinth takes you.

BOOKS FOR THE JOURNEY

There is a great deal of difference between an eager man who wants to read a book and a tired man who wants a book to read.
~G.K. Chesterton

Christianity and the Social Crisis in the 21st Century
Edited by Paul Raushenbush
HarperOne, A Division of Harper Collins, 2007
Reviewed by John Haag

Paul Raushenbush, great-grandson of Walter Rauschenbusch, has edited a 100th anniversary edition of his great-grandfather's classic that inspired the social justice movement in the American church and beyond. Christianity and the Social Crisis in the 21st Century brings the original 1907 work to a new generation with the addition of essays by contemporary theologians. The result is a must-read for Christians and others who care about the needs of humankind.

Martin Luther King, Jr. credits the 1907 book for leaving "an indelible imprint on my thinking," and advocates of social justice worldwide acknowledge its impact on their lives. The editor's Foreword is an invitation to rediscover the radical message of Christianity and the Social Crisis and its relevance for the 21st century.

This reader was struck by the depth and breadth of Rauschenbusch's thinking and the eloquence of his expression. As noted by Phyllis Trible, "Images, metaphors, and aphorisms abound. Rauschenbusch

joins style and substance to produce a powerful rhetoric for righteousness"(p. 33). Clearly, the singular focus of the work is righteousness, a theme sounded in the very first pages. Rauschenbusch believes that Christians are called to be of service, to transform human society into the Kingdom of God in the here and now. Rauschenbusch views the Hebrew prophets, the person of Jesus, and nineteen centuries of Christian history through this prism. He acknowledges that his task is a vast undertaking.

According to Stanley Hauverwas, this book is best read as a sermon. Rauschenbusch was a Protestant liberal theologian for whom Jesus mattered. Despite some dated judgments and inadequate ecclesiology, notes Hauverwas, "The sermon that is Christianity and the Social Crisis is as desperately needed in our day as it was in Rauschenbusch's. We are permanently in his debt"(176).

Rauschenbusch's wisdom is most evident in his parabolic dialogue between the spirits of the dead centuries, in which they acknowledge their successes and failures since the beginnings of Christianity. Ashamed that people continue to suffer, they turn to the Spirit of the First Century and say, "Your promised redemption is long in coming." The Spirit of the First Century responds, "But it will come" (178). Rauschenbusch wanted Christians to understand their role to relieve the suffering of others in the redemptive process, rather than to be focused only on what would happen to them in the afterlife.

Much has changed in the past 100 years, and much remains the same. Cornel West describes our present crisis as "terrifying" and Richard Rorty observes that

Christianity may have missed its opportunity to significantly impact the struggle for social justice.

Indeed, it is hard to imagine how a person passionate for social justice and aware of Christianity's failings can remain committed to building the kingdom of God on this earth. Rauschenbusch intuits this conundrum and leaves us with the question that each one of us must ultimately answer about our faith, "Whoever thinks that Christianity ought to have accomplished more than it did, confesses great faith in its potency. I have that faith. I feel so deeply the inexhaustible powers of renewal pulsating in it that its very achievements only make me ask: Why has it never done what it was sent to do?" (126)

ENDPIECE

A Quest for Self

Phil Cousineau

Pilgrimage is often regarded as the universal quest for the self. Though the form of the path changes from culture to culture, through different epochs of history, one element remains the same: renewal of the soul. The shape can be linear, as with the goal-oriented journeys to Mecca or Rome; circular, as on the island route of Shikoku, Japan; or spiral, as in many mountain ascents.

The purpose of the pilgrimage is to make life more meaningful. Through sacred travel, individuals can find the path to the divine, the ultimate source of life. The essence of the sacred way is "tracing a sacred route of tests and trials, ordeals and obstacles, to arrive at a holy place and attempt to fathom the secrets of its power." As Francis Huxley points out in *The Sacred*, "The sacred itself is plainly a mystery of consciousness, using the word *mystery* to signify not a problem that can be intellectually solved, but a process of awakening and transformation that must be acted out in order to be experienced, and experienced if one is to make it one's own."

Phil Cousineau is an author, editor, teacher, adventure travel leader, photographer, and documentary filmmaker. Cousineau became a student of Joseph Campbell, and took to heart his famed teaching "Follow Your Bliss." Cousineau authored The Art of Pilgrimage, Once and Future Myths, Soul Journey, *and* The Hero's Journey: Joseph Campbell on His Life and Work. *www.philcousineau.com.*

Excerpted from The Art of Pilgrimage *by Phil Cousineau. Published by Red Wheel Weiser www.conaripress.com © 1998 and used with permission.*

Subscribe for a friend today!

SACRED JOURNEY:

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

❑ 1 year $18

❑ 2 years $32 (save over 10%)

❑ New ❑ Renewal

❑ Payment Enclosed

❑ Charge my Visa/MC/MX

$_____

_____

Card No. Exp. Date

_____

Signature

Gift From:

_____

Name

_____

Address

_____

City/State/Zip+4

Gift To:

_____

Name

_____

Address

_____

City/State/Zip+4

A gift card will be sent announcing your gift.

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of first issue. Canadian or international one year subscription: $26 USD (Visa/MC)
Order by phone 609-924-6863.

SC-07

TAPE CLOSED AT TOP

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 50 PRINCETON NJ

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.

Publishers of *SACRED JOURNEY®*
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, NJ 08542-9946

TAPE CLOSED AT TOP FOR MAILING

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08542-3227
Phone: 609-924-6863
Fax:: 609-924-6910
Website: www.sacredjourney.org
Email: editorial@sacredjourney.org

MANAGING DIRECTOR
Janet M. Haag

EDITORIAL PROJECTS MANAGER
Lisa M. Clayton

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Linda D. Baumann

COVER DESIGNER
Laurel Masten Cantor

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Howard S. Ende, *President*
Dr. Ephraim Isaac, *Vice President*
Beverly Sanford, *Secretary*
Lorraine Sciarra, *Treasurer*
Rev. Rebecca Laird
Dr. Albert Raboteau
Rev. Paul B. Raushenbush

TRUSTEES EMERITI
Paul Walsh
Bhiksuni Karma Trime Lhamo
Rabbi Samuel M. Silver
Rev. Dr. Joseph C. Williamson
Rev. Dr. Arthur Caliandro

Visit us online at:
www.sacredjourney.org
for more prayers, poems, stories, and insights each month.

Bookstores & Retreat Centers:
Please call us at 609-924-6863 to order in bulk.

Suggested Retail Price: $4.00

Vol. 58, No. 6
December 2007/January 2008

Subscribe to *Sacred Journey* by sending your name, address, and $18 ($26 international) for six bimonthly issues (one year) to:

Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, NJ 08542-3227

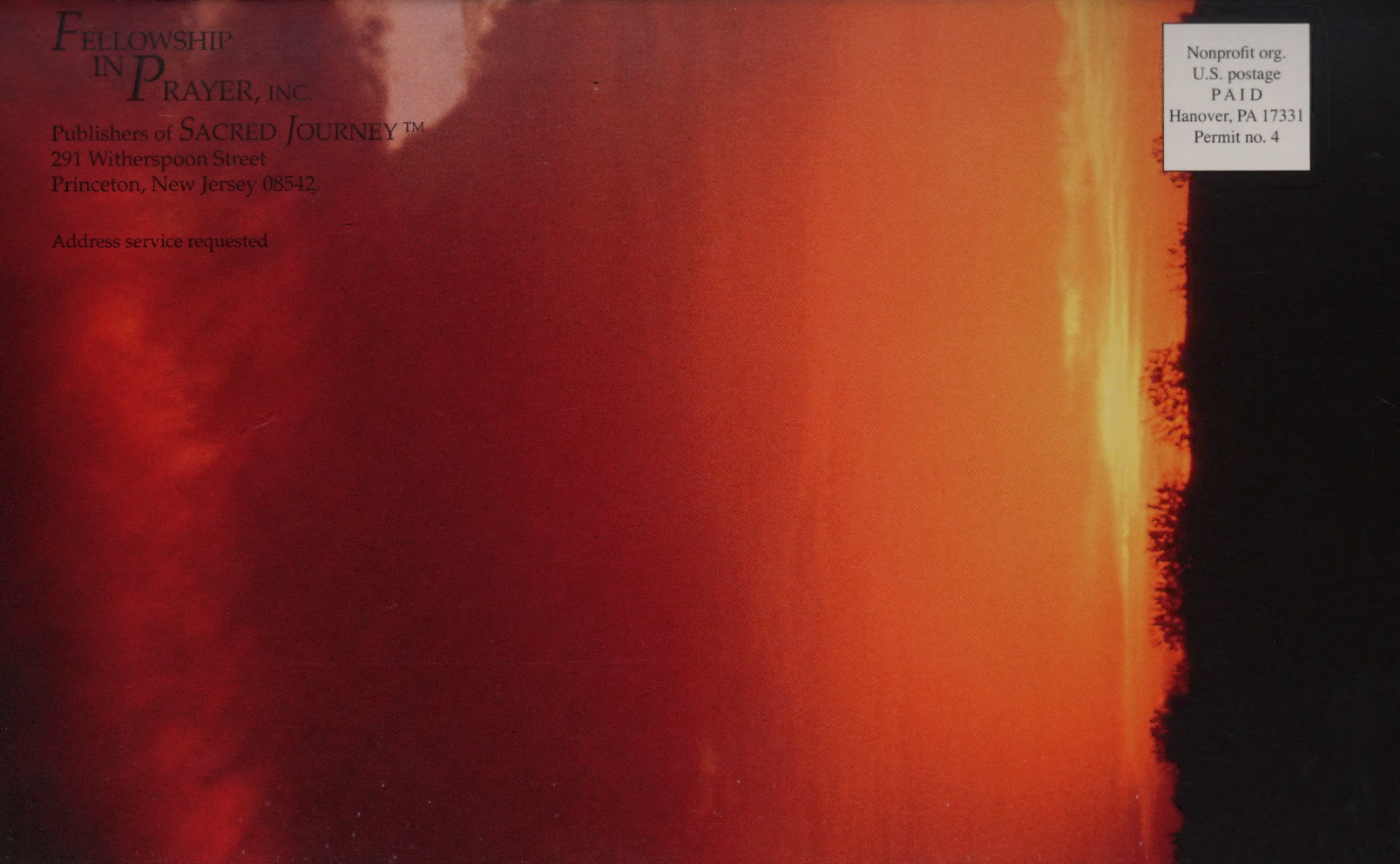
We welcome poetry, prayers, and articles on prayer, meditation, spiritual experience, religious faith or practices, and similar topics. We look for writing that expresses an individual's personal experience while also conveying a deeper theme or profound message of universal appeal. Writing must be accessible to people of all faiths. Articles should not exceed 1500 words and may be submitted to the editor via mail or preferably by email (**submissions@sacredjourney.org**). Please include a brief biography and full contact information: name, address, phone numbers, and email.

We sometimes share subscribers' names and addresses with other nonprofit, spiritual organizations. If you don't wish to have your name shared, please let us know.

Material in this publication is copyrighted and may not be reproduced by photocopy or any other means without written permission.

© Copyright 2007
Fellowship in Prayer, Inc. All rights reserved. *Sacred Journey* is a registered trademark of Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.

ISSN 1096-5939



FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
Publishers of SACRED JOURNEY™
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08542

Address service requested

Nonprofit org.
U.S. postage
PAID
Hanover, PA 17331
Permit no. 4